

The Mirror

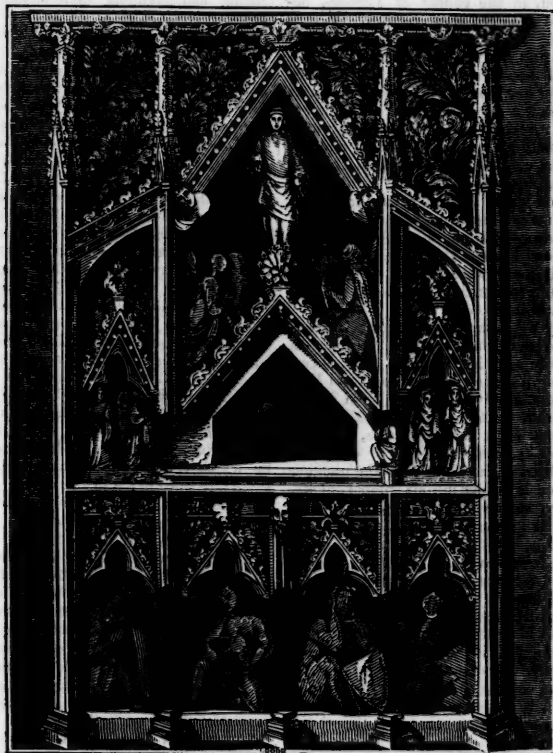
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 525.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1831.

[PRICE 2d.]



HOLY SEPULCHRE, AT HECKINGTON.

The bruiser of the serpent's head, the woman's
promised seed,
The second in the trinity, the food our souls to
feed,
The vine the light, the door the way, the shep-
herd of us all,
Whose manhood join'd to deity, did ransom us
from thrall :—
That was and is, and evermore will be the same
to his :—

That sleeps to none that wakes to him, that turns
our curse to bliss,
Whom yet unseen the patriarchs saw, the pro-
phets had foretold,
The apostles preach'd, the saints ador'd, and
martyrs do behold.
The same (Augustus emperor) in Palestine was
born,
Amongst his own,—and yet his own did curse
their bliss in scorn. WARNER.

HERE is a crumbling relic of the veneration of ages that have long since passed away—a tribute that seems to say—

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Its present adoption for our pages is not reasonable to a day, since the sub-

ject relates to the consummation of that labour of divine love, whose commencement we are now upon the eve of celebrating. The Engraving will, nevertheless, be a piece of pleasing antiquarianism for our readers on the joyous morrow, while it may lead them into a

train of mind congenial with the character of the day.

This Sepulchre stood, at the period of the above representation, the summer of 1789, in the church of Heckington, in the county of Lincoln, between Sleaford and Boston. It was called the HOLY SEPULCHRE, or SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD, and was typical of Joseph's "own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock," in which Christ was deposited until his resurrection. Such Sepulchres were placed on the north side of our cathedral and parochial churches to be used in commemoration of that important event on the day on which it took place, or Easter Day, when the Crucifix and Pix, which had been deposited in a solemn manner on Good Friday, the anniversary of the Crucifixion, were taken out by the priest, pronouncing this text: "*Surgeat, non est hic.*"*

The Sepulchre is hollowed in the centre of the North wall of the chancel about breast high from the floor, is two feet eight inches in the clear from East to West, and twenty inches from North to South. At the South West angle is a cavity eight inches square, whether formed by accident, decay, or design, is not clear. The front over the opening without is divided into six compartments, in two stories or divisions, with pediments and purfled finials. Under the centre pediment is the figure of Christ rising from the tomb, and at his feet on the sides of the pediment below him two angels looking up and worshipping him. Under a pediment under a flying buttress at his right hand is a woman holding something in her hand, perhaps Mary Magdalen bringing the precious spices to have embalmed his body; and under the left hand pediment and flying buttress another woman representing those who accompanied her. With her is an angel; and two more angels crouching support the pediment over which our Lord rises. The cornice above is charged with grotesque figures blowing single and double flutes. Under four pediments below, divided from the upper by a fillet or fascia, perhaps representing the ledge of the tomb, are four soldiers the guards or keepers of the Sepulchre, in the posture alluded to by Scripture: "for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men."

The soldiers are all that remains of the holy sepulchre on the North side of the choir of Lincoln cathedral, east of the tomb of bishop Remigius, where the superstructure has given place to what

* He has risen—is not here.

is called the tomb of some bishop who succeeded bishop Remigius founder of that church and see in the close of the eleventh century. The three figures there are represented in mail and surcoat, sitting and reclining their heads and arms on blank shields.

This is the only instance which the writer recollects in a cathedral church. Others in parochial churches enumerated by Mr. Blomefield, are in the parish of Hurst Monceaux, Sussex, where Thomas Fienis lord Dacre, by will dated Sept. 1, 1531, bequeathed his body to be buried on the North side of the high altar, appointing that a tomb should be made for placing there the *sepulchre of our Lord*.† Sir Henry Colet wills to be buried at Stepney, at the *holy sepulchre*, before St. Dunstan, and his monument is to be seen at this day on the north side of the chancel of the said church.‡ In the first instance it should seem as if the sepulchre was then *first made*, or at least altered, by the setting up of lord Dacre's tomb, and perhaps made a part of it. Sir Nicholas Latimer of Buckland Abbas, Dorset, who died 1505, orders his body to be laid in that church in the place where the sepulchre of our Lord *used to be placed* near the high altar; § by which it should seem that the one sepulchre gave place to the other.

It may now be interesting to note a few particulars of other Sepulchres, and the ceremonies performed there.

There are remains of the Holy Sepulchre in the churches of Gosberton, Heckington, Lincoln, &c. stately and sumptuous. The solemn office called *Tenebræ*, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, in Easter week; the church darkened by veils, and on the third day after solemn mass, with a sudden and very loud chorus of voices and instruments removed, to represent the rending of the veil. Our Lord appeared as rising, and guards lying about the sepulchre: all exquisitely carved in high relief in granite or touch painted and gilt. ||

On the north wall of the chancel at Holcombe Burnell, Devonshire, near the

† Dugdale, Bar. II. 244.

‡ Knight's Life of Colet, Miscell. No. xix. p. 462.—There are no traces of the holy sepulchre at Stepney, and I suppose the monument of Sir Henry Colet is the large slab with double ledges and a number of scrolls, but no effigy, and all now brassless, lying on the north side of the chancel floor. On a monument of that age in Slaughter Church, Sussex, are the brass figures of a knight and his family kneeling to the holy sepulchre.

§ Hutchins's Dorset, i. 259.

|| Minutes of the Spalding Society, 1747.—It stands a common churchyard in a will, 1498, of a parishioner of Hawsted, c. Suffolk.—Q. holy sepulchre or sepulture.

altar, is a curious piece of imagery in alto relievo, representing the resurrection of our Saviour, and the terror of the Roman soldiers who guarded the Sepulchre. In the wall is an opening through which the people in the North aisle of the nave might see the elevation of the host.*

Weever † says, the Knights Templars had a representation of Christ's sepulchre in their chapel in Holborne, with verses, brought from Jerusalem. This may have been only a model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, such as have been frequently brought from thence in later times. In the church of St. Nicholas at Troyes, was a Holy Sepulchre on the plan of that at Jerusalem.

Among the corruptions in the office of the holy communion, and the many ridiculous pieces of pageantry used in it, Bishop Burnet‡ reckons "the laying the host in the sepulchre they made for Christ on Good Friday."

In the accounts of the churchwardens of St. Helen's, Abingdon, printed in *Archæologia*, I. 11., with Professor Ward's observations, are the following items, under the years 1558, 1559:—

Payde for makyng the sepulture	s. d.
For peynting the same sepulture	10 0
For stones and other charges	3 0
about it	4 6
To the sexton for meat and	
drink, and watchyng the se-	
pulture according to custom	22
	19 4

And 1555,

To the sextin for watching the }
sepulture two nights }

On which the learned professor has the following observations:—

"It has been customary in Popish countries upon Good Friday, to erect a small building to represent the sepulchre of our Saviour. In this they put the host, and set a person to watch it both that night and the next. And the morning following very early, the host being taken out, Christ is said to be risen. This we find was done here in 1557, and the two following—the last of which was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Du Fresnoie has given us a particular account of this ceremony as performed at Rouen, in France, where three persons, in female habits, used to go to the sepulchre, where two others were placed, representing angels, who told them Christ was risen. The building mentioned in these extracts must be

but very slight, since the whole expense amounted to no more than 17s. 6d."

Fuller § says—"I could suspect some ceremony on Easter-eve, in imitation of the soldiers' watching Christ's grave; but am loth to charge that age with more superstition than it was clearly guilty of."

In the churchwarden's account of Kingston-on-Thames, 21 Henry VIII., is a charge for brede and ale for the watchers of the sepulture.||

In the St. Mary-hill (London) accounts is, "a stayned cloth which went about the sepulchre."

By a charge there of one shilling for two carpenters mending the sepulchre, a day and more, it should seem the sepulchre was fixed, and served as long as it would hold together.

John of Gaunt, among other furniture left to his wife Catherine, mentions, "*drap enbroudes pur la sepulchre.*"¶

Great wax tapers were generally burning before the holy sepulchre. John Whethamsted, Abbot of St. Alban's, appointed twelve wax lights for that purpose, and gave money for them for ever.**

The Prior of Norwich was obliged to pay 10s. a year, to find a wax taper burning at our Lord's sepulchre, one of which was in those days in every church, generally in the north wall of the chancel. Great pomp and pageantry were used at the sepulchre at Easter, on which day the crucifix and the pix were taken out of the place where they were in solemn manner deposited on Good Friday by the priest, on the saying *Sur-rexit non est hic.* ††

A taper of one pound weight was bequeathed to burn before the sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, at Easter, in Whittingham Church.‡‡

There were lights burning before the holy sepulchre in the following churches in Norwich:—St. Stephen's, St. Peter's in Mancroft, St. Gregory, St. Giles, St. Laurence, St. James, St. Michael in Coslany, St. Michael at Pless, St. George of Colegate. Others in the churches of Rushworth; Heydon, Scothowe, Watlington, Aylmerton, Ling, Harpley, Gressenhall, East Lexham, Swanton Morley, Wissingset, South Burgh—all in Norfolk; and in that of Childrey, Berks.

In the south wall of the chancel at Heckington, opposite to the Sepulchre

§ History of Waltham, p. 14.

Lyson's Environs of London, i. p. 231.

¶ Royal and Noble Wills, pp. 154—155.

** Otterbourne, i. 113. Edit. Hearne, Appen.

†† Blomefield, ii. p. 516. ‡‡ Ibid. p. 664.

* Polwhele's Devon, ii. 32.

† Theatre of Brabant, ii. 118.

‡ History of the Reformation, ii. 64.

are three beautiful lofty stalls with purpled pediments and finials, and in the spandrels the figures of St. Margaret and the dragon; St. Catharine holding her wheel; the Deity and Virgin; all crowned; and two men in curled hair, one kneeling, the other sitting, looking up to the pattern of a tower or steeple coming down from heaven; over which is a monk or religious, holding a bowl and something with a handle in it.

The church was dedicated to St. Andrew, and belonged to the rich abbey of Bardeney, the oldest in the county of Lincoln. Whoever has had an opportunity of observing the magnificent churches erected in every part of the county, whether in the fens or the uplands, will not be surprised that such an opulent society bestowed so much labour and cost to make the church of Heckington what it is. If from the patent of 18 Edward III. cited by Bishop Tanner,* "Pro ecclesiis de Hale and Hekington," we suppose this church then first given to this monastery we shall see in its architecture and ornaments the style of the times. But as this is among the churches enumerated in foundation or restoration charter of Gilbert de Gant,† at the Conquest, we may rather conjecture that some advantage was given to it by this writ of Edward III.

RUINS ON THE HILLS.

(For the Mirror.)

Lo! there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the craning wind,
And holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud—
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now—
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow. BYRON.

How fearfully magnificent

Yon fallen castles seem!

Reflected in the river's tide,

They vindicate their former pride,
And charm the spirit like a dream.

Yet, could a harp, with strings of fire,

Recall the flood that poured

Around their stately towers of old,

What legends might that harp unfold
Of chiefs who battled sword to sword.

What scenes of many a starless night

Have mark'd these plains beneath,

When the war-trumpet thrill'd the air,

And bands that none could conquer there,

Were humbled to the dust by Death.

And on a moonlight summer night,

How sweet it must have been

To rest within the whispering bow'r,

And hear the lute enchant the hour,

Or mark the lunar queen!

* Not. Mon. p. 249. † Mon. Angl. i. p. 142.

But now the ivy mantles o'er

Those castles like a cloud;

And midnight winds, with voice profound,

Lament, like voiceless lips around,

The sword that blooms upon the proud.

Departed are the dazzling dreams

That ruled the heart with magic away;

But like the mind which rear'd on high

Those towers—they seem to greet the sky,

And frown majestic in decay.

Deal.

G. R. C.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CHRISTMAS.

THE following account of Christmas-day in Baltimore is given by Mr. J. Pickering, in his narrative of six years' residence and travel in North America:—

"Instead of ringing of bells, &c., as in England (there are but few bells here to ring), it was ushered in by firing of guns, squibs, and crackers all last night, and continues with intervals through the day. The moment I arose this morning, I was presented with a glass of 'egg-mog,' as they termed it—a compound of rum, eggs, milk, and sugar—also with ginger-cake, and a cake with raisins in it, which is their 'Christmas-cake:' all for merry-making and 'parties.' I was pressed to one in the evening with the captain and his wife—a number of fine females and their beaux present. The time was spent with a variety of plays, singing songs, playing on the piano, eating cake, drinking toddy, peach brandy, &c.: quite a sociable party, the female part easy and apparently unaffected; broke up early by the request of our host, the next day being Sunday. Americans use very little or no ceremony, except the introduction by shaking hands, &c.; each leaves table at meal-time as soon as he has done eating, and they are generally quick; no bidding good-night, or other ceremony, on going to bed." W. G. C.

CHRISTMAS PLUM-BROTH.

"I DINED," says Brand, "at the Chaplain's table at St. James's on Christmas-day, 1806, and partook of the first thing served and eaten on that festival, at that table—i. e. a tureen full of rich, luscious, plum-porridge. I do not know that the custom is any where else retained."

This custom was kept up during the reign of George III., and a portion of the porridge was sent to the different officers of his majesty's household. The following is a list of the ingredients which entered into the composition:—

Leg of Veal.....	40 lbs.
6 Shins of Beef	
50 Four-penny Loaves	
Double-refined Sugar ...	60 lbs.
150 Lemons and Oranges	
Sack	1 doz.
Old Hock.....	1 doz.
Sherry	1 doz.
Raisins.....	40 lbs.
Currants	40 lbs.
Prunes	30 lbs.
Cochineal	2 oz.
Nutmegs	1 oz.
Cinnamon.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Cloves	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
In the palace this luscious composition	
was called plum-broth. W. G. C.	

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN MEXICO.

"ON the first day of the year," says Mr. Hardy, "a certain number of highly-adorned damsels dance in a circle round a pole of about twelve feet high. To the top of the pole are fastened as many long strips, of different colours, as there are ladies, each of whom holds one of them in her hand. Half the number of females dance to the right, the other half to the left, passing each other right and left alternately, so that in a certain number of revolutions the pole is completely covered with a variegated plating, which most ingeniously conceals the wood, and presents a particularly pretty appearance. The party walks to the tune of a song composed in honour of the occasion. The poet considers the seasons of the year as dancing with great harmony and regularity, and he represents them as contracting and expanding their influence. Thus, when the pole is entirely encircled with the plat-work, the dancers are then confined within so narrow a circle, that their charms can scarcely be seen; and the seasons are therefore said to be wound-up. But as the damsels proceed to undance the plating, the circle widens, their beauty and graceful figures delight the beholders, and the seasons are said to expand, and extend their influence over the whole globe." W. G. C.

TRADITIONARY SCRAPS.

(Concluded from page 407.)

The Thag of Wales may perhaps be the same as the Piskey of Cornwall: it has been observed that the traditions of these two nations correspond with those of Brittany, which is very probable, as they used one language. The Forest of Ancennis is celebrated in every ancient French ballad, as being the

haunt of fairies, and as the scene of the ancient archery of the provinces of Bretagne and Anjou. In the former district many curious traditions yet linger, though the French Revolution seemed calculated to wipe out not only superstitions, but belief of almost every kind. It is probable that in Vendee, and other provinces in the West and South of France, where great attention is paid to religion, that the peasantry cling to the superstitions of their fathers. Many of the chateaux there have probably traditions as interesting, connected with them, as those mentioned by the authors of the *Sketch Book*, or the *Lady of the Lake*. The harlequin who is represented on the theatrical boards, was a knight of France, who fought under the banners of Charles Martel, against the Saracens, but afterwards lived on plunder. Normandy is said to have been the chief scene of his apparition after death, as it was perhaps of his crimes, when alive. His punishment was to roam over the earth by night. In the mountainous country between Lyons and Geneva, the inhabitants regard with suspicion, those accused of having "an evil eye." The midnight scream of the owl, near the chamber of the sick, is heard with fear in many countries; and in England as well as France, the howl of a dog, near the cottage of a dying person, is considered as a foreboding of evil. It is related in Bretagne, that "Charles the Sixth, while passing at the head of his army, through a forest between Mans and Le Fleche, in the daytime, was stopped by a tall man, black and hideous, who came from among the trees, and seizing his horse's bridle, told Charles that he was betrayed. It was in the month of August, and the heats were insupportable; a page who carried the king's lance, having fallen asleep on his horse, let it fall on a helmet which another bore before him. The noise which this caused, the sight of the lance, and the words of the phantom all recurring to the king's imagination, produced an instant fit of madness. The king drew his sword, and slew many of his attendants." This is supposed to have been a device of the Duke of Burgundy. The illness of the king, though he partially recovered for a time, continued to his death. The inhabitants of the Isle of Man, like those of all isolated places, are said to be peculiarly superstitious; as far as this credulity is connected with religion, it can scarcely have an evil influence on the mind.

It is true, though the fact is difficult

to be accounted for, that throughout great part of Wales there are desolate houses, now uninhabited, still standing among the mountains, which the inhabitants assert to have been the houses of the Irish. They are constructed, without mortar, of loose stones, and have no roof at present. There are a great number of such ruins in Gloucestershire. The Peights Houses in Scotland, are perhaps of the same description; they sometimes have cellars, and are not uncommon. They probably derive their name from the Picts.

Most of the traditions of Scotland have been immortalized by the pen of that ardent admirer of his country, and the olden times, Sir Walter Scott, who has also collected many of the German and English. The tales of Robin Hood and his merry men, the archers of Sherwood Forest will be remembered as long as the English language shall be spoken. It is singular that Johnson believed that he could write a ballad about Robin Hood, in the same manner as he considered the poems of Ossian had been written by Macpherson, which the people of England would believe to have been a poem familiar to them; so well known is the history of that celebrated outlaw, whose story is received not with the least pleasure, because he robbed the rich but spared the poor. It is said that a Flemish knight dreamed of the death of William Rufus, the night before he was killed, and advised the king not to hunt, though in vain. The death of that monarch was looked on as a judgment, to punish the harshness with which he destroyed a great many villages to make room for the New Forest. Some remains of the cart which carried his dead body from the fatal spot, are in the possession of the descendants of the person who conveyed him. It has been said, perhaps without truth, that Charles the First was admonished in the same manner, as well as Henry the Fourth of France, before his assassination. When Charles, in company with Lord Falkland, opened a Virgil in the museum, at Oxford, that he might divine his fate, the verses which occurred to him were peculiarly unfortunate. It is curious that the newspapers lately mentioned that a murder had been discovered by a dream, without any comment. The story in the Vale of White Horse, Oxfordshire, is, that under one of the heaps of stones, there lives an invisible blacksmith, who is willing to shoe the traveller's horse; his local name was Wayland Smith. At Grosmont, in

Monmouthshire, a bridge and other works are said to have been made by a being called John of Kent. The people also have a fear of ghosts near Ragland Castle.

There is a long tale connected with an old building called Cook's Folly, near Clifton, Gloucestershire: it had been prophesied that the heir of the estate should never live to be of age. The words of the prophecy, which is a long one, began with these lines:—

"Twenty years shall Avon tide
In bands of glistening ice be tied
Twenty years shall woods of Leigh
Wave their branches merrily."

To avoid this fate, he was shut up in this solitary building. He had almost completed the long wished for age, and the last evening had arrived; at night, however, from among the fagots which were conveyed into his room for his wood fire, a snake escaped and caused his death. These local traditions can only be learnt near the spot where they are supposed to have happened; such readers as are acquainted with interesting tales connected with their neighbourhood, will doubtless be glad to give their information to the public.

Littlecot House, the mansion to which the midwife was carried blindfold, at night, as related by Sir Walter Scott, is in Wiltshire, not far from the Bath road. The family to whom the house belonged were, I believe, the Darells; and there is in the neighbourhood a stile, called Darell's stile. It afterwards belonged to the Pophams, one of whom is well known as an eminent lawyer. It is not improbable that among many of the old manor houses and mansions of former days, there will generally be found at least one room, called the haunted room, in which it will require some courage to pass a night. There are very frequently houses uninhabited, from a belief that they are haunted, especially in the country. Some information respecting the manners, and, I believe, the traditions of Bretagne, have been given by Miss Plumtree.

On the mountains of Lochaber, in Scotland, on both sides of a deep valley, there occur three lines running along, high, and corresponding; these are called the roads of some ancient king, but it has been supposed may have been formed by a lake which occupied the different heights.

There is a story in Herefordshire, that about two centuries ago, two great stones in a field, were removed at night to a great distance, by some unknown means.

E.

Fine Arts.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Extracts from the Annual Report of the Directors for 1831.

(For the Mirror.)

It will be very satisfactory to learn that the British Institution has received the high sanction and approbation of his Majesty; who, in condescending to become its patron, has expressed his full sense of the benefit and utility of the establishment in promoting the cultivation of the Fine Arts throughout the united kingdom.

In the Report of the Directors of the last year, they stated their full conviction that the display of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence would afford very general satisfaction: in this expectation they have not been disappointed.

The profits arising from the exhibition of these works, amounting to £3,000., have been presented to his family, according to the intention of his late Majesty, and under the sanction of his present Majesty. The relatives of Sir Thomas Lawrence have expressed to the Directors their grateful sense of the liberality of the Members of the British Institution on this occasion.

The pictures painted by modern artists which have been disposed of during the exhibition of the present year have exceeded those of last year, both in number and value: there have been sold 110 pictures to the amount of £5,318.

The funds belonging to the Institution amount to £8,800., 3 per cent. consols.

G. W. N.

Spirit of the Annuals.

BABY! AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

(Collected and Edited by W. Jerdan.)

"Death sends Truth before it as its messenger."
Romance and Reality—by L. E. L.

EVERY reader of common sagacity will readily perceive at once how the following auto-biography was communicated; and therefore I will not, as is too much the fashion among authors by profession, trouble them with unnecessary explanation. Suffice it to say, that the authenticity of the narrative is unquestionable; for I had it out of the individual's own mouth, and I have not altered one syllable. Sceptical persons might doubt the existence of those precocious talents which enabled BABY at the early age of twenty-four hours to deliver the painful

relation of all its experience and sufferings in this world; but when it is recollected that the human mind often exhibits wonderful phenomena amid the bright glances which precede death, it will be acknowledged that the present memoir is the result of one of these half mundane, half celestial illuminations of the spirit.

"My first perception of life," said BABY, "or at least the first particular which I consider it fitting to record—for I am not like a German biographer, who would go farther back, to the very beginning of things—was my being handed from the rough grasp of a man into the arms of a filthy old woman. I cannot describe to you the disgust I felt at the hag. Her countenance was most forbidding, her eyes inflamed, her nose reddened towards the point, and her breath abominably infected with the odours of a transparent fluid called gin. I did not know on inhaling the scent of this offensive compound what it was; but the wretch was determined that I should not long remain in ignorance of its effects either in a gaseous or a liquid form. It was evident from my entrance into the world that this monster entertained a design against against my life; and though I resisted with all the energy of a free-born and independent infant, the contest was too unequal, and I finally sunk beneath her machinations and those of my other cruel persecutors.

"The moment I perceived that her intentions were fatal, I set up a squall which you might have heard, in the stillness of the night, quite across the square; but it was utterly disregarded, or rather made the subject of mockery. 'There's a stout boy,' cried the demon, 'I'll warrant ye, that will expand the bones of his head for him.' My poor head indeed was the immediate object of her attack; for taking another gulp of gin from a glass, and spouting some of the fiery fluid into her hand, she instantly deluged my skull with it, and rubbed with all her might. Oh, the dreadful torture which I endured! The burning substance penetrated through the fontanelle, or mole of the head, to my very brain, and scorched it into agony. I writhed and screamed in vain; and, the paroxysm of madness over, uttered a low and piteous moaning which might have melted the heart of a fiend. But mercy was never meant for me. Conscious of my inherent rights and dignity as a British man child, and resolved to support both at the expense of my fortune and existence, oppression and tyranny were soon leagued against me,

and I was crushed by the foul combination.

"Not yet a quarter of an hour old, the barbarous usage I had undergone was but a prelude to the whole iniquitous course which was systematically pursued against me by all but one being, who, from her affection to me, was exposed to almost equally relentless persecution. My poor mamma, she alone showed any sympathy for Baby; but she was too powerless to afford me efficient succour in aid of my own brave exertions.

"Finding that the application of the gin, though it turned my brain, did not absolutely destroy me, the old woman, whom they called Nurse (Curse would have been a juster title), endeavoured to kill me in another way. There was a large brown pan in the middle of the apartment filled with tepid water, and into this the murderess plunged me headlong. She thought she could drown me, but again my activity and presence of mind prevailed, and I saved myself from a watery grave by the vigour with which I kicked, and the force with which I squalled. Astonished by my courageous conduct, and baffled in her vile scheme, the tigress was compelled to desist; but if she could not accomplish the murder, she could gratify her hellish spite, which she did by taking an opportunity to scrape me from head to foot more in the manner of a dead pig than a living boy. I was much hurt by this process; my excoriated skin smarted all over, and I could do nothing but cry and howl as if my lungs were bursting. To this natural appeal no attention whatever was paid by my unnatural enemies.

"The next attempt upon me was of a different, but hardly less infamous character. You are aware how they used to treat their mummies in Egypt in the olden times. From this I presume the hint was taken for the new torment practised upon me. Laying me in her lap, the malignant old woman took a long roll of linen and began to swathe me up as if indeed I were a defunct Egyptian, never intended to stir or breathe more on this earth. Round and round did she whirl me; and I never experienced such a sensation of giddiness before as that which now overcame me. I could frame an idea what it was to be tumbled about; but to be tossed and gyred in this violent manner was too much to be borne. I was, however, reduced to passive endurance by being so tightly bound; and so worn out by the conflict I had inflexibly maintained, that I seemed almost reckless of what was done to me.

"I fancied at last they were going to execute me without the formality of judge or jury; for they put an ugly cap upon my head, and brought a band under my chin and across my throat to strangle me, drawing the ligature even to suffocation. I cannot tell how I escaped, but I did escape this the third attempt upon my life within the first thirty minutes of its duration.

"A very few moments' repose being now allowed me, I began to reflect upon my hapless condition. Here was I without a friend in the world who could help me, with a bold and uncompromising spirit it is true, but comparatively weak and defenceless; here was I naked and exposed to the most diabolical malice of foes, who had obviously entered into a conspiracy to make away with me by some means or other. What could I do? to whom could I appeal? there was no one to take my part. But I will not anticipate events: they crowded fast enough into my miserable span, as you shall now hear without being troubled with any reflections upon them.

"Having walked into the world about midnight, I looked at the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, and found that I had been more than two hours in this busy life; but circumstances had crowded so rapidly into that space, and I had been made so utterly miserable by the stirring scenes in which I acted so important a part, that I felt no appetite whatever. On the contrary, I seemed to entertain a loathing for food; my indignation may therefore be conceived when I observed the odious female, to whom I have so often already had occasion to allude, preparing some diet, and evidently for me. I knew it by the scowl upon her countenance, as she took up a bottle and poured some of its contents into a silver teaspoon;—my presentiment was almost instantly realised. Seizing me quickly unawares, I had barely a moment to extend my jaws in the act of bawling for assistance when the gag or spoon was thrust into my mouth, and the whole of its nauseous freight forced down my throat. Scream I could not—a sort of gurgling noise was all that could be heard: I sank back, and thus tasted the first of bitterness which my youthful stomach was doomed to receive.

"I have intimated that, like other geniuses, I was born with literary tastes and a taste for the fine arts. I am sure, had my life been prolonged, I should have turned a celebrated author as well as painter: as it has been decreed, I can only claim the fame of being 'THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.' But there was

something curious in the coincidence that my earliest acquaintance with literature and painting should be so vastly disagreeable as to consist of my reading *Ol. Ricini* on the bottle whence I had been poisoned, and swallowing that oil which might have been the medium of a nobler production than it was now destined to produce. Mingled with the tints of a Titian, it might have created an immortal Venus. But I will not pursue the contrast.

"A sense of sickness took possession of me. I asked myself, Is this the food of human beings? Is it for the enjoyment of such delicacies as this that gourmandism and sensuality fill so prodigious an extent in the existence of men? If it be so, how I pity them! Ah! were their palates as pure as mine, how would they abhor such indulgences! I am ashamed to own it, but as this is a biography of truth (and I believe the only one ever written), I must confess, *a la Rousseau*, that I internally exclaimed with an oath, 'It is d—d bad.' The recording angel, I trust, considering my provocation, would deal mercifully with this offence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Notes of a Reader.

TOMB-MONEY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TILL very lately a large portion of the emoluments of the minor canons, organist, and lay-clerks, was derived from what was denominated *tomb-money*, or monies received for showing the church, the monuments, &c. This is now added to the funds of the Chapter, and an allowance has been made in lieu thereof, but certainly not of equal value; for it appears, in a reply made by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to an order of the House of Commons for a return of their receipts "arising from the exhibition of the monuments," that these for five years were as follow:—1821, 648*l.* 1*l.* 1*d.*—1822, 2,317*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.*—1823, 1,664*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*—1824, 1,529*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*—1825, 1,535*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* The year 1821 was that of the coronation, when the church was shut up several months, and the receipts were diminished accordingly. If, then, we average the other four years, we shall find the amount to be 1,761*l.*, which sum, if justly divided, would, we should imagine, give much more to each individual who was entitled to participate in such unhallowed profits than he now receives in consequence of the commutation.

Many unsuccessful attempts have been made in the House of Commons to get rid of this odious tax on the public—this demand for the privilege of seeing that which they have amply paid for, and which is, both in justice and equity, public property—this vulgar admission-money to view what are meant to excite emulation, to inspire with noble sentiments, to engender a love of country and a devotion to its interests!—for such are the designs of the nation when its treasures are bestowed on monuments in honour of the mighty dead. But hell is said to be paved with good intentions; and what avail the best, the most exalted motives, if they are suffered to be thwarted by a self-governed body, who can show no legal right to levy so abominable a tax—a tax as reproachful to the country which patiently submits to it, as disgraceful to those who enrich themselves by its proceeds?*

Why are not the statutes and revenues of this church at once laid before Parliament? If the Dean and Chapter are legally and equitably entitled to divide among themselves nearly the whole of such revenues, they will not be deprived of their rights without some compensation. If they hold in defiance of justice, and can only plead usage as an apology for usurpation, it is high time that an abuse so injurious to the real interests of the church should, without delay, be effectually corrected.—*Harmonicon*.

A DISCORD.

THE Dilettante of *The Harmonicon* notes the following in his *Diary*.

One of the performers at the late Coronation has sent the subjoined letter to *The Times*, which was inserted, but no answer has yet been given from any quarter.

"SIR,

"I should feel happy to know, through the medium of your widely-extended journal, on what account the payment of the gentlemen of the musical department is delayed, who assisted at his Majesty's Coronation. I am perfectly aware that the money was voted by Parliament previous to the ceremony taking place, otherwise I should not be surprised at the delay.

I remain yours, &c.

"MUSICUS."

* *The Monthly Magazine* for October last sarcastically and well observes, speaking of the hardship of making the public pay for a view of their own property—that they have an undoubted right to see "the great men of England in their monuments, without being perpetually reminded of the little ones."

I believe the true explanation of the matter to be this:—All the performers engaged in that solemnity, who did not belong to the three choirs, and therefore did not appear in surplices, had a scarlet coat, laced with gold, and a pair of magnificent epaulettes, provided them, to match with the King's state band. The property in the said smart coats afterwards became a subject of dispute, the question being whether they were given, or only lent for the day. The Lords of the Treasury decided that they were only a loan, and that, until they were duly returned into the royal stores, the parties detaining them should not be paid for their day's labour. Now, the lace and epaulettes will, it is said, burn for six or seven guineas, to say nothing of the value of the superfine scarlet cloth; and as the sum claimed is, by previous agreement, but four guineas, it is not likely that his Majesty's wardrobe will have the honour to treasure up the apparel in dispute.

LAST HONOURS TO KOSCIUSZKO.

TOWARDS the close of life, unable to endure the spectacle of degradation which his conquered country exhibited, and baffled in the generous expectations which its artful conqueror had at one time bade him cherish, Kosciuszko, after emancipating the serfs on his estates in Poland, retired to Soleure, where the amiable society of long cherished friends cheered and softened the last hours of a life devoted to great and virtuous deeds. Though absent from the land of his birth, the enthusiastic attachment of his fellow-countrymen defied the chilling influence of separation; and there was not a college or a corporation among them which did not continue to celebrate his natal day with banquets or other festivities. The tidings of his decease* spread sorrow and desolation over the whole face of Poland, and the senate of the republic of Cracow immediately issued circulars to the public authorities, fixing the fourteenth of the November following as the day of national mourning, on which the last honours were to be rendered to his memory. Warsaw and Cracow took the lead in displaying their grateful feeling on this solemn occasion; but Poland felt that she had yet another sacred duty to perform; her hero's remains were

mouldering under a stranger sky; she called upon the Emperor Alexander to obtain their removal from Soleure; with his sanction the young Prince Jablonowski was deputed on this noble mission, and the body, attended by the father and son, in whose society Kosciuszko had calmly spent the remnant of his virtuous days, was borne to the church of St. Florian, without the walls of Cracow, whither it had been accompanied for the last three miles by the great officers of state.

The solemn procession, which conveyed it thence on the ensuing morning, was finely characteristic of the occasion. Warriors of distinguished rank, who were grey in their country's service, bore the sacred relics on their shoulders: next followed Kosciuszko's sable charger, caparisoned in black; two maidens, with wreaths of oak leaves and branches of cypress in their hands, walked by his side; then came the general staff, the senate, burgesses, clergy, and populace. When this array reached the Wavel, a hill once honoured by the residence of the magnificent Jagellon and other Polish monarchs, a funeral oration was delivered by Count Wodziki; he had scarcely closed his lips, when a Masovian peasant came forward, and addressing Gen. Grabowski, one of Kosciuszko's companions in arms, related the following occurrence in a tone of deep emotion. "At the battle of Raclawice, when fighting by the side of three of my brothers, there were two guns which committed indescribable havoc on a column of Poles, and repeatedly drove them back. On a sudden I saw two Cracovian countrymen, fired by the example of their leader, rush upon the cannon and cover the mouths with their bodies. No war-cry could have kindled such a glow amongst us as their heroic devotion: we flew to the rescue of our gallant comrades, and the enemy's artillery was instantly in our possession; we turned it upon him, and he took to flight."†

The procession now moved towards the cathedral, in the centre of which a splendid catafalque had been erected, and beneath this shrine the coffin was deposited. Its only adornments were Sobieski's sword and a branch of laurel. Paintings, executed by Stakowicz, were disposed around the sarcophagus; one represented Washington investing the hero with the order of Cincinnatus; another depicted the citizens of Cracow

* This took place on the 15th of October, 1817, and he passed so gently out of this scene of pain and trial, that it has been justly said of such a death by an eminent writer—"The grave is the light-shedding footstep of an angel, which descends to seek and bear us away to a better world."

† The narrator should have added, that the two heroes escaped with their lives, and that Kosciuszko presented them with officers' commissions on the field of battle.

swearing fidelity to him; in a third, he was portrayed as calmly contemplating a tempestuous ocean; and a fourth recalled the fatal conflict of Maciowice, where, covered with wounds, and falling from his horse, he was heard to exclaim, "*Finis Polonia!*"^{*} Woronicz, the bishop, discharged the last offices over the body, and Lancouski, a prelate in high estimation for his poetical talents, addressed the assembly with a brief but heart-rending eloquence, which brought tears into every eye. During the ceremony, the young Countesses, Angelica and Caroline Wodzicka, made a collection at the door for behoof of the house of Refuge at Cracow; thus calling in Charity herself to render homage to the departed great.

The ceremony was terminated by depositing his remains in the same vault which incloses our ancient kings. Its majestic arches extend under the whole floor of the cathedral; but to the right, opposite to the principal entrance gate, is a subterranean chapel, built by Stanislaus Augustus, in the year 1788, where he had fondly hoped to find his last resting-place. It is divided into several compartments by pillars of the Ionic order; and at present contains three sarcophagi; those of John Sobieski, Joseph Poniatowski, and Thaddæus Kosciuszko. In life, these three patriots sought their country's weal by devious paths; in death, they still are severed, and slumber in three distinct mausolea. That of Kosciuszko bears no other symbol than his immortal name.

But his country has paid a yet more imperishable tribute to her favourite son. The senate of Cracow decreed, that a lofty mound should be raised on the heights of Bronislawa, (*i. e.* "the Champion of Fame, an appellation which it has borne from the remotest times,") and this monument owes its existence to the willing zeal of every class and age; the magistrate and citizen, nobleman and peasant, young and old, rich and poor, have been its artificers. For three whole years (from the 16th Oct. 1820 to the 16th of the same month in 1823) did they toil with unabating ardour until the hill of Kosciuszko (the *Mogila Kosciuszki*) was reared three hundred feet above its base, and outshone the two adjoining monuments of St. Kracus and Queen Wanda. A serpentine footpath leads the visitor to its summit, from which he has a fine prospect of the beautiful

^{*} This fact is historically correct. The battle was gained by the Russians on the 10th October, 1794; and Kosciuszko's captivity sealed the downfall of Polish independence. He never again trod his native soil.

banks of the Vistula and the ancient city of the Polish kings. The surplus of the subscriptions, which in every quarter betokened the fervour of national gratitude, has been employed in erecting dwellings for four peasants, who fought under Kosciuszko's standard, and devote their labours to the preservation of a memorial worthy of the leader whom they were called to obey and learned to adore.—*United Service Journal.*

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

POMPEII.

THIS volume, the thirteenth of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, is one of the most attractive books that we have for a long time taken up. Its object is to describe the public edifices of Pompeii, so far as they have yet been disinterred; another volume will be devoted to the houses and private habits of their tenants. All that has hitherto been published of this very interesting discovery is in expensive books, in books of travels, or in fragments communicated to periodical works, and much of this information is mixed up with the affectation of antiquarianism, and the coxcomby of what is mis-called classical learning. The present work seeks to strip off these disfigurements, and to give the reader a popular yet minute description of the famed city—the history of its overwhelming by Vesuvius—its destruction and re-discovery—its walls, gates, public roads, streets, baths, theatres, and amphitheatres, and thus far the task appears to be executed with extreme care.

The book is of the most quotable kind: our first extract is from the introductory chapter—

Herculaneum and Pompeii.

"It was matter of no ordinary interest when it was known that a buried Roman city had been discovered; a city overwhelmed and sealed up in the height of its prosperity, and preserved from the ravages of the barbarian conquerors of Italy, and the sacrilegious alterations and pillagings of modern hands. But the hopes which might reasonably have been formed upon the discovery of Herculaneum, at the beginning of the last century, were frustrated in great measure by the depth and hardness of the volcanic products under which that city was buried. The process of clearing it

was necessarily one of excavation, not of denudation; and to avoid the labour of raising the quarried matter to the surface, from a depth of 70 or 80 feet, former excavations have been filled up with the rubbish of new excavations, and now the theatre is the only building open to inspection, and that an unsatisfactory and imperfect inspection by torch-light. Museums have been profusely enriched with various articles of use or luxury discovered at Herculaneum, which might serve to illustrate the Latin authors, and throw light upon the private life of Italy; but no comprehensive view could be obtained, and consequently no new idea formed of the disposition and appearance of a Roman city. Fortunately, the disappointment was repaired by the discovery of Pompeii, a companion city overwhelmed in the great eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, together with Herculaneum, and destined to be the partner of its disinterment as well as its burial. There was, however, this difference in their fate—that, owing to its greater distance from the volcano, the former was not then, and never has been, reached by the streams of lava which have successively flowed over Herculaneum, and elevated the surface of the earth from 70 to 100 feet. Pompeii was buried by a shower of ashes, pumice, and stones, forming a bed of variable depth, but seldom exceeding 12 or 14 feet, loose and friable in texture, and therefore easily removed, so as completely to uncover and expose the subjacent buildings.

"The upper stories of the houses, which appear to have consisted chiefly of wood, were either burnt by the red-hot stones, ejected from Vesuvius, or broken down by the weight of matter collected on their roofs and floors. With this exception, we see a flourishing city in the very state in which it existed nearly eighteen centuries ago: the buildings as they were originally designed, not altered and patched to meet the exigencies of newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use; articles, even of intrinsic value, abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand, which could not pause or stoop for its most valuable possessions; and, in some instances, the bones of the inhabitants, bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them. 'I noticed,' says M. Simond, 'a striking memorial of this

mighty interruption in the Forum, opposite to the temple of Jupiter. A new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just out of the hands of the sculptor, had been erected there; an enclosure was building all round; the mortar, just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out; you saw the long sliding stroke of the trowel about to return and obliterate its own track—but it never did return: the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested, and, after a lapse of 1,800 years, the whole looks so fresh and new that you would almost swear the mason was only gone to his dinner, and about to come back immediately to smooth the roughness.'

Again, after quoting the two letters of Pliny the younger, describing the catastrophe which overwhelmed Pompeii, the editor says—

"Pompeii was not destroyed by an inundation of lava; its elevated position sheltered it from that fate: it was buried under that shower of stones and cinders of which Pliny speaks. Much of this matter appears to have been deposited in a liquid state; which is easily explained, for the vast volumes of steam sent up by the volcano descended in torrents of rain, which united with the ashes suspended in the air, or washed them, after they had fallen, into places where they could not well have penetrated in a dry state. Among other proofs of this, the skeleton of a woman was found in a cellar, enclosed within a mould of volcanic paste, which received and has retained a perfect impression of her form. In the great eruption of 1779, minutely described by Sir William Hamilton, Ottaviano, a small town situated at the foot of Somma, most narrowly escaped similar destruction. The phenomena then observed may be presumed to correspond closely with those which occurred at Pompeii.

"On the night of the 8th of August, when the noise increased, and the fire began to appear above the mountain of Somma, many of the inhabitants of this town flew to the churches, and others were preparing to quit the town, when a sudden violent report was heard, soon after which they found themselves involved in a thick cloud of smoke and minute ashes; a horrid clashing was heard in the air, and presently fell a deluge of stones and large scorix, some of which scorix were of the diameter of seven or eight feet, and must have weighed more than one hundred pounds before they were broken by their fall, as some of the fragments of them which I

picked up in the streets, still weighed upwards of sixty pounds. When these large vitrified masses either struck against one another in the air, or fell on the ground, they broke into many pieces, and covered a large space around them with vivid sparks of fire, which communicated their heat to everything that was combustible. In an instant the town and country about it was on fire in many parts; for in the vineyards there were several straw huts, which had been erected for the watchmen of the grapes, all of which were burnt. A great magazine of wood in the heart of the town was all in a blaze; and had there been much wind, the flames must have spread universally, and all the inhabitants would infallibly have been burnt in their houses, for it was impossible for them to stir out. Some who attempted it with pillows, tables, chairs; the tops of wine-casks, &c. on their heads, were either knocked down, or soon driven back to their close quarters, under arches or in the cellars of their houses. Many were wounded, but only two persons have died of the wounds they received from this dreadful volcanic shower: to add to the horror of the scene, incessant volcanic lightning was whisking about the black cloud that surrounded them, and the sulphureous heat and smell would scarcely allow them to draw their breath. In this miserable and alarming situation they remained about twenty-five minutes, when the volcanic storm ceased all at once.* It is evident that if the eruption had continued for a brief space longer, Ottaiano must have perished like Pompeii.

"This last named city, however, was not buried to its present depth by a single eruption. Successive layers are clearly to be traced, (Simond counted eight of them,) and the lowest has evidently been moved, while the others are untouched; a plain proof that some interval elapsed between their deposition, and that the inhabitants returned to seek after their most costly property. That so few articles of intrinsic value have been found, is attributed, with much probability, to this cause.†

"For 1,676 years, Pompeii remained buried under ashes. The first indications of ruins were observed in 1639, but the excavations did not commence

till 1755. It is, however, singular that it was not discovered sooner, for Dominico Fontana, having been employed in the year 1592 to bring the waters of the Sarno to the town of Torre dell' Annunziata, cut a subterraneous canal across the site of Pompeii, and often met in his course with the basements of buildings. The excavations, to which the attention of Europe is constantly directed, have produced, and continue to produce the most interesting results. Unfortunately some of the most important monuments are rapidly perishing; and being already half destroyed by the burning cinders, shaken by earthquakes, and built originally of the worst materials, oppose but a feeble resistance to the destructive agency of damp and frost."

In the chapter describing the roads and streets, we find an interesting coincidence:

"The roads usually were raised some height above the ground which they traversed, and proceeded in as straight a line as possible, running over hill and valley with a sovereign contempt for all the principles of Engineering. They consisted of three distinct layers of materials; the lowest, stones, mixed with cement, (*statumen*;) † the middle, gravel or small stones, (*rudera*;) § to prepare a level and unyielding surface to receive the upper and most important structure, which consisted of large masses accurately fitted together. It is curious to observe that after many ages of imperfect paving we have returned to the same plan. The new pavement of Cheapside and Holborn is based in the same way upon broken granite, instead of loose earth which is constantly working through the interstices, and vitiating the solid bearing which the stones should possess. A further security against its working into holes is given by dressing each stone accurately to the same breadth, and into the form of a wedge, like the voussoirs of an arch, so that each tier of stones spans the street like a bridge. This is an improvement on the Roman system: they depended for the solidity of their construction on the size of their blocks, which were irregularly shaped, although carefully and firmly fitted. These roads especially in the neighbourhood of cities, had, on both sides, raised footways (*margines*;) protected by curb-stones, which defined the extent of the central

* Campi phlegrei, supplement, p. 19.

† Some buildings now completely excavated bear marks of having been previously searched by the ancients. In such places, all valuable effects and materials have been carried away, as, for instance, the columns of the portico of Eumachia, a building adjoining the Forum, and the furniture of the Basilica.

‡ Statumen, that which supports anything. Vitruvius uses it for the coating of a floor.

§ Rudera, rubble, rough stone, or broken pottery.

part (*agger*) for carriages. The latter was barrelled, that no water might lie upon it."

It is not too much to presume that our new paving plan has been actually borrowed from a close inspection of the Pompeii plan.

This volume is enriched with steel plates and 139 cuts, many of them of great spirit, and all of captivating interest. The coincidences between several of the forms of ancient architectural embellishments and those now in common use will best illustrate the utility of a book of antiquities made popular, as in the volume before us. A small cut of the ornamented echinus moulding in the closing page—usually carved to represent an egg within a shell—has given rise to what carvers call the egg and tongue moulding, now common on pier and chimney glasses, and even on shop fronts. We remember too a fine employment of this embellishment in the dress circle front of Drury Lane Theatre, previous to the alterations of last year.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ENGLISH PRISONERS IN FRANCE.

We extract the following graphic pages from a Narrative of an *Imprisonment in France during the Reign of Terror*. It affords a pretty picture of naval tactics in the days of French Republicanism:—

Whilst on board *L'Insurgent*, we had a fair opportunity of seeing the operation of the favourite principles of French republicanism on the temper and behaviour of the common people. *Liberty* and *equality* were words of perpetual recurrence among them; and the practical application of these famous terms was a constant illustration of the sense they affixed to them—to the no small mortification and annoyance of their superior officers. The very cooks and *swab-wringers* would stand and dispute the orders, and question the authority, of the boatswain; nor could he prevail on them to obey his orders, till he bluntly consented that chance and the suffrage of the people conferred the superiority which he exercised over them! and, consequently, that they had a greater right—if they thought fit to assert it—to command the boatswain, than the boatswain to command them! If he still dared to dictate in the tone of superiority, they would scornfully turn their back upon him, and bid him wring the swabs *himself*, for *liberty* and *equality*

were now the allowed right of every Frenchman! If the sails were to be trimmed during the time of their meals, unless it appeared reasonable to the majority, the boatswain might pipe his call till he was breathless, and was obliged to endure their chiding.—“What made him in such a hurry? Let him wait till they had finished their meal.” Even on the quarter-deck, nothing was more common than to see groups of foremast-men sitting in circles for hours together at their favourite game of cards, whilst their superior officers, and even the captain himself, were obliged to *thread the needle* amongst them in walking the deck; and if they expressed dissatisfaction at the inconvenience they suffered, they might expect to hear a growl of indignation.—“Was it the intention of their commanders to abridge them of their *liberty* and *equality*?” * * *

On the ninth day after our capture, we were taken into Brest. Melancholy were my reflections as we sailed past the fortifications, on either hand, on our entrance into one of the noblest harbours in Europe; contrasted with which dejection, the gaiety and hilarity of the French crew tended but to make my condition appear more disconsolate and wretched. Seen from the shore, our frigate must have appeared a beautiful object; gliding majestically along with a fair wind, the chief part of our sails set, all our colours flying, and, as we passed some of the principal forts, the shrouds and yard-arms manned as closely as possible, returning the salutations from the shore with joyous greetings, and singing with the utmost enthusiasm their national song—

“Aux enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivée,” &c.

We soon came in sight of the French grand fleet, under the command of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, lying at anchor over the magnificent expanse of water which forms the harbour of Brest.—Nothing could exceed in grandeur the sight which presented itself to us as we passed along successively from one line-of-battle-ship to another, till we had seen the whole extent and magnitude of the largest navy which the French could ever boast. In the afternoon we came to an anchor, and spent the night on board, mournfully anticipating the undefined hardships which awaited us in a French prison, and of which to-morrow was to afford us a specimen. After breakfast the following morning, the boatswain's call gave the shrill announcement that all the prisoners of war were to be immediately mustered

upon deck, each man bringing along with him his luggage, in readiness for debarkation. Affecting was the sight, as the officers and men of the ships which had been taken during the cruise were marshalled into their respective groups. Just before we descended into the boats prepared to take us on shore, a formal offer was made, in the name of the Republic, to any of the officers or men who chose to exchange the prospect of a prison for the service of the French navy, with the promise of equal wages and equal fare with their own men. As soon as the proposal was understood by the English prisoners, a burst of indignation and a fearless volley of execrations were poured forth upon those who made the offer; and it was with extreme difficulty that some of the men could be restrained from a furious assault in return. One traitorous wretch alone listened to the proposal, and he was a Dutchman; but it was at the hazard of his life. Had he not been instantly rescued by a body of armed men, he would doubtless have been torn in pieces, to such a pitch of exasperation and rage were all the rest of the prisoners roused. This subject, as we left the side of the frigate, and were on our way towards the shore, furnished the topic on which each took occasion to express his wrath, whilst ever and anon they vociferated their execrations on the dastardly coward and traitor they had left behind, as long as they thought their voice could be heard. Scarcely was the tumult occasioned by this occurrence subsided, when we drew near to the shore.

We were now sufficiently discernible by the inhabitants of Brest, who crowded towards the place of debarkation to witness the spectacle of our landing. At scarcely any period of my captivity do I recollect being sensible of more poignant distress than at this moment. The quay on which we were to land was most formidable in appearance with military array, and overhung with multitudes of curious spectators, making whatever remarks they thought proper, as public attention was directed now to this prisoner, and then to another; whilst little else than banter and ridicule, or malignant and ferocious dispositions, were indicated by the countenances, gestures, and clamour of those into whose power the fortune of war had thrown us. Two lines of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, were drawn up to receive us as we landed; and under their escort we were conducted over several drawbridges and military fortifi-

cations of great ingenuity and strength, till at length we were introduced into the town. The place selected for our first halt was in the midst of a large square in the open air. Hither, after awhile, our luggage was brought, and piled up in the midst, surrounded with a strong guard of soldiers, to keep off the multitude, who, by this time, were come from all parts to gratify their curiosity. In this condition we were kept till late in the afternoon, without any refreshment from the time we left L'Insurgent—except a piece of bread, perchance, were now and then thrown amongst us by some looker-on, who had a heart to compassionate our wretched plight. Whilst we were thus exposed, a gazing-stock to the inhabitants, a circumstance occurred which promised no small alleviation of the distress in which my father and I were involved. A gentleman of respectable appearance and polite manners obtained leave of the commanding-officer to associate himself with the prisoners; after awhile, he shook hands with my father, and, to my utter amazement, immediately embraced him with all the ardour of the dearest friendship, exclaiming, in a tone of the utmost sorrow and distress, "O my dear brother, my dear brother! Vat bring you here? It makes me ver great trouble for you, my dear brother! Vat you sall vant in the prison vere you go, me feel de pleseur great to carry you! Tell me all tings you vant for all times; and all vat dis contrie produce will be at your tres service!" It was a long while before he loosed his embrace; and when he left us, it was with the assurance that as soon as we should be settled at the prison destined for our reception, at a short distance in the country, he would be our frequent visiter, and render our captivity as tolerable as it was in his power. No sooner had he taken his leave, than my father and I were congratulated on all sides by our less fortunate companions in tribulation, at this unexpected salutation, and the large hopes with which it had inspired us. It was a considerable time before my father had leisure to explain to me an occurrence which seemed so utterly unaccountable. Was this stranger a near relation of whom my father had never before informed me? or of whom he himself had never heard before? or did they recognise in each other early companionship in distant parts of the globe? No; the whole mystery of this affair lay in the discovery which each had made to the other, of the word and the sign of a FREEMASON! Convinced

by this overpowering evidence of the great utility and importance of the institution of freemasonry, I from that moment resolved, that as soon as I should be within reach of a lodge, I would offer myself as a candidate.—Judge, however, what were our disappointment and mortification at never afterwards hearing a word of our invaluable friend—our “beloved brother!” Towards the evening, orders were given to commence the march to our new habitation; but, to our vexation and distress, no carriages were in readiness to take our luggage with us. We remonstrated, we entreated that it might accompany us; but all in vain. We were assured, on the honour of the French Republic, that it should be sent after us in the course of the evening. Resistance was useless. At the word of command, under a strong escort of soldiers, we were constrained to leave our luggage in the middle of the square, exposed to chance, or the designs of villainy. At the beat of the drum we set forward through the streets, amidst the hootings and imprecations of the rabble, as though we had been felons of the most atrocious kind, and no longer entitled to the claims of humanity.

After a march of three or four miles, we reached the prison of Pontenezin, situated not far from the sea-coast. It was a double row of building, of a ground floor, surrounded by a wall: intended only as a temporary abode, till a convenient opportunity should occur of removing us further into the interior of the country. On our arrival, we were not a little comforted to find three or four hundred prisoners, chiefly English, already inmates of our new habitation. The recognition of each other as British subjects, even in these deplorable circumstances, inspired us with a transport of joy, little less than as though we had met each other on our native shore. Three cheers from within, before we entered the gates, were answered by three cheers on the outside, to the no small annoyance of the French soldiers; who learned from this specimen, that no injuries which tyrants can inflict have power to enslave or control a British spirit.

What a refreshment to our sight were the countenances of a crowd of our own countrymen!—what music to our ears was even our own language, when unexpectedly heard from hundreds of British voices, where our imagination had anticipated only a dreary gloom and silence! The moment we had entered, and the gates of our prison were closed

upon us, we for a time forgot the miseries of captivity in the cordial congratulations which ensued, as one and another recognised a relative or a friend among their new associates; or as information was mutually given or received, in answer to endless inquiries respecting the land of our birth, or the dear connexions from whom cruel war had severed us, perhaps for ever! In addition to the allowance of provisions which were served out to us that night, whatever rations of wine—which was at that time allowed daily to the prisoners—had been stored up by any of them for rare and special occasions, were brought out and set before their countrymen. Through the whole of that night nothing but hilarity and joy were witnessed. The relation of each other's adventures, among the numerous groups of friends and parties, into which the company had distributed themselves, together with the occasional “jocund song and merry dance”—for even music was not wanting to the festive scene—must have conveyed the idea to any looker-on, not versed in our story, that we were celebrating a triumph, and dividing the spoil, rather than men partners in misfortune.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

A LAST FAREWELL.

WHEN the Prince of Orange in 1568, retired to Germany, apprehending the danger that followed, he entreated Count Egmont to accompany him who refused. “Farewell,” said he, taking leave of the Prince of Orange, “Prince without an estate.” “Farewell,” replied he, “Count without a head.” The Prince's pithy remark was soon verified, for a few weeks afterwards, the Count being on an excursion, was taken prisoner and executed.

SWAINE.

In 1590 Prince Maurice of Nassau took Breda by the following stratagem. A boat was loaded with turf, under which 70 men were concealed, the Spaniards themselves assisting to bring in the boat. Matthew Helt, a lieutenant of the 70, not being able to suppress a cough, begged his comrades to kill him, lest the enterprise should be frustrated by so inconvenient a companion.—SWAINE.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipzig; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.